

HIS GOOD NAME.

By HARRY C. ERNEST.
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Van Rastie was a gentleman who had struck a streak of bad luck. He wore a threadbare suit, a hat with a hole in the top, and his trousers were much frayed. Nevertheless he prided himself that a gentleman is always a gentleman even in rags and his own breeding would always be recognized. And it was recognized so long as he lived where he had been born and brought up. But Van Rastie concluded to try his luck in the wild west, and when he came to that country, where pedigree is not considered, he found himself on the same social basis as a stage driver or a cowboy.

Van Rastie was prospecting on Clear creek, in Colorado, or, rather, he was digging for a mine he thought he had struck. One night while sleeping in the little cabin he had thrown together for temporary protection he was awakened by the sound of footsteps without. Presently he saw where his door was a streak of perpendicular light and knew that the door was being opened. In a few moments the light had become a square, in the center of which was a crouching figure. It crawled into the cabin and had its hand on what few dollars Van Rastie possessed when the matter came to a crisis by Van Rastie ordering him to throw up his hands.

The next scene was a western courtroom, the judge sitting on the typical dry goods box. The prisoner, an ill-favored young man with a crafty eye, stood apart. The judge addressed the prisoner:

"Now, then, Tom Baker, what you been tryin' to rob this man for?"

"Hain't I got a right to plead guilty or not guilty?" asked the prisoner.

"Oh, you been tried so many times you know a lot about law, don't you?"

"Hockin' I pleads not guilty."

"How ax you goin' to prove sich rot as that?"

"I don't need to prove it. You got to prove that I robbed him."

"Waal, that's easy. Stop up, Mr. Van Rastie," the witness supplemented with some of his former pride in his name.

"What's that rust part of it?"

"Van."

"Well, Mr. Dan Hustler, tell how this galoot robbed you."

"I heard a step without—"

"How didn't you know it wasn't a painter?" interrupted the accused.

"Then my door opened," continued the witness, "and I saw the figure of the prisoner."

"How did you know it was me?"

"He crawled in and had his hand on my money."

"His money, Judge! Jes' if a misable lookin' coyote like that ever had any money!"

Mr. Van Rastie winced.

"I ordered him to throw up his hands. He did so, and grabbing him by the collar—"

"Judge, he's got to prove I had a coat on! I hain't got no coat and nary collar to my shirt!"

"Then I marched him down here to Empire and turned him in to the committee."

"I told you, Tom Baker, said the judge sternly. "It was easy 'nuff to prove you done it."

"Mightn't I have the witness?" asked the prisoner.

"Have the witness! No. You got his money. What d'you want him for?"

"I want cross examine him."

"Oh! More law talk, eh? Well, go ahead."

"What's yer name, Dan?"

"Peter Ruyvesant Van Rastie."

"Dye hear that, Judge? He admits he's by occupation a rustler."

Then followed questions as to the witness' age, place of residence, in deed, everything the prisoner could think of. Finally the judge stopped the questioning with:

"You, Tom Baker, shut up! Yer thinkin' you air a rascal! This case is dead o' me. How many times you been in jail?"

"S'pose I ever been in jail, Judge. Didn't you never read any stories in the newspapers tellin' how an innocent man went to jail because one of his pals turned state's evidence and swore him away?"

"This hain't no such case, Tom Baker. You was caught to the act."

"Who caught me? This here rustler says he caught me, but how you got to believe him? Hain't my word 's good as his?"

The judge looked puzzled.

"Tom Baker," he said presently, "what d'you go and ax me all up fur?"

"I didn't mix you up, Judge. I list set you right. How do you know what crimes he's committed?"

The judge looked at Van Rastie suspiciously.

"Stranger," he said, "hev you—hev you?"

He pruned. He was trying to say something that he couldn't get out. Then a sudden thought struck him.

"Tom Baker," he said, "you go 'long. And if ever you are brought up before this here court ag'in I'll turn you over to the committee to lift you where the grass 's too short fer yer toes to tread on."

The prisoner went away jubilant. Van Rastie, dismayed at the course the trial had taken, stood irresolute whether to make a protest or go to his cabin without saying anything. After all but he and the judge had left the room the judge said to him:

"Dan Rustler, I want to explain. That Tom Baker's one the sharpest rascals in these mountains. Ef I hain't what him off he'd a brought out yer whole record."

An Old Idea.

"In those old times when they cut off people's heads the train of events proceeded on a modern idea."

"What was that?"

"The block system."—Baltimore American.

CUT DOWN A LYNCHED MAN

Woman Saved His Life at Point of Shotgun

THEN SCREAMED FOR AID

A Cowed Mob of Ice-cutters at Twin Lakes, Wisconsin—Certain Union Men Accused Him of Causing their Discharge

Kenosha, Wis., Jan. 7.—Armed with a shotgun and a knife, Mrs. Sarah Andell, keeper of a boarding-house at an ice-cutting camp at Twin Lakes, cowed a mob of men and cut the rope with which Samuel Roberts, a cook at the camp, had been hanged to a rafter in an ice-house by the mob, according to a report received by District Attorney Baker. Roberts' life was saved, although three ribs were broken and he was a mass of bruises.

Mrs. Andell, after cutting down the hanging man, screamed for aid, and an open fight followed between Roberts' friends and his enemies, who had sought to lynch him. Roberts' friends won and dragged the unconscious man to a place of safety.

Roberts, it is reported, was accused of procuring the discharge of several union men.

BISHOP BRADY ANSWERS CALL.

Final Summons Comes at His Home in Boston.

Boston, Jan. 7.—The Rev. John Brady, auxiliary bishop of the Catholic archdiocese of Boston and titular bishop of Albania, died at his residence in this city yesterday.

Death followed a paralytic shock suffered recently.

Bishop Brady was born in County Cavan, Ireland, in 1842. He was educated at All Hallows college, Ireland, and was ordained priest in 1864.

He immediately came to America and the same year was appointed assistant pastor at Newburyport, Mass. Four years later he was transferred to the pastorate of St. Joseph's church, Amesbury, Mass.

To relieve the late Archbishop Williams of many episcopal labors, Father Brady, in 1891, was appointed auxiliary bishop of Boston and was consecrated titular bishop of Albania. His activities were then transferred to this city, where he continued pastoral work at Saints Peter and Paul church, South Boston.

MAGAZINE REVIEW

France Trains Few Great Singers.

Mr. William Armstrong, in the Woman's Home Companion for January says: "The methods and evidenced results of French vocal training cannot be so pleasantly regarded. As a people, we have suffered too great a multitude of unfortunate experiences to let the situation go without plain speaking that the American girl may know, as she often has not known, true conditions in Paris."

"Of these achieving notable successes at the Metropolitan opera house and studying in Paris, Madame Melba made famous names and Madame Calve made their debuts from the class-room of Madame Marchesi, a German, while M. Plancon studied with Signorina, an Italian, who made M. Jean de Reszke a title."

"Yet the procession to French teachers grows each year in volume, unaffected by any thought of discouraging statistics."

"A new arrival in Paris will calmly assert, without questioning or experience, that it is the only place in the world to study; go out the next morning and arrange for lessons with a teacher whose name she has heard or read, or possibly engage hours with a stranger of whom she has done neither, but whose expressed opinion of her voice is more flattering than that of any other she may have visited."

"The old fetish that every teacher of music who is a foreigner must consequently be a good teacher, which long ago vanished in America appear still to hold sway with our country people once in Paris. To be known there as vocal teacher seems but too often an all-sufficient recommendation."

Enlightened.

"Before I married," said Mr. Henpeck, "I didn't know what it meant to support a wife."

"I presume you know now."

"Yes, indeed. I looked up the word 'support' in the dictionary and discovered that one of its meanings is 'to assure.'"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Spelling a Post.

"He has been spelled as a poet."

"How so?"

"A judge recently gave him thirty days in default of a ten dollar fine."

"How does that spell him as a poet?"

"Oh, it gave him an exaggerated idea of the value of his time."—Pittsburg Post.

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